AT CEDAR CREEK.

HOW SHERIDAN'S RIDE LOOKED TO A SPECTATOR

The Roar That Passed Along the Line-'A Good Thing"-A Battery Playing Havoc with an Ammuni tion Train.

fGen. James M. Comley in The Enquirer.1 following account of how "Sheridan" Ride" looked to a spectator at one end of it as copied by Mr. Whitelaw Reid from my te diary lent him for "Ohio in the War and I know it is true: Crook was lying a rod or two to our left. Hayes and I were to ether with our commands. He was badly ruised by his fall when his horse was killed him, and had several slight wound beside. He was teasing me and grumbling because we did not advance, instead of wait-

ing for the enemy.
"Suddenly there is a dust in the rear, on he Winchester road, and almost before ware aware, a flery-looking, impetuous, dash ing young man in full major-general's uni-form, and riding furiously a magnificent black horse, literally flecked with foam, and so postic license about it, reins up and springs off by Gen. Crook's side. There is a perfect roar as everybody recognized Sher-idan. He talks with Crook a little while, cutting away at the top of the weeds with his riding-whip. Gen. Crook speaks half-a-dozen sentences that sound a great deal like the whip, and by that time some of the staff are up. They are sent flying in different directions. Sheridan and Crook lie down and seem to be talking, and all is quiet again, except the vicious shells of the differ-ent batteries and the roar of artillery along the line. After awhile Col. [James W.] Forsyth comes down to our front and shouts the general: The Nineteenth corps is closed up, sir.' Sheridan jumps up, gives one more cut with his whip, whirls himself around once, jumps on his horse and starts up the line. Just as he starts he says to our men: 'We are going to have a good thing on them now, boys!' Itdon't sound like Clo-ero or Daniel Webster, but it doubled the force at our end of the line. [I may say, now, that it don't sound even like Buchanan

"And so he rode off, a long wave of yells rolling up to the right with him. We took our posts, the line moved forward—and the balance of the day is already history."

I suppose there is no necessity for burden-ing you with a description of our part in the advance, as there is no dispute as to our be-ing there, or as to our place in the line. One incident may be of interest. At one of the names in this formers! pauses in this forward movement our company was delayed by a very high rail-fence (I can hardly believe such a fence was left, but it was). Crook was on his horse, and had passed the fence when Hayes climbed up, and, by holding to one of the "stakes" and anding on the "rider," was more elevated an Crook, and could use his glass more effectively. He was able thus to give Crook some important information, which I did not hear. But the result was that Hayes mounted his horse and dashed to the front at a headong gallop, ahead of his infantry. I have earned since that he found Capt. Dupont, who was moving down the pike, and under his immediate orders Capt. Dupont passed through Middletown at a swinging through Middletown at a swinging tro-with his own battery, going to the front. Hayes, being very well mounted, and free to "cut across," got ahead out of sight, and on the eminence near where our camps had been found Gen. Sheridan, entirely alone. sing his glass in the most excited manner. As soon as he saw Hayes he yelled at him: "If I had a battery here we could knock h—Il out of their train and capture all their artillery!" Hayes answered: "All right, general; I've got just what you want, com-ing as fast as it can!" He galloped back to Dupont, who immediately started all his horses at a gallop, and came down the pike like a whiriwind. The first shell be fired lit in the very midst of a narrow place where the head of the enemy's retreating column had got gorged by attempting to pass too many abreast. Gen. Hayes has described the scene to me vividly, and it is enough to it—shell after shell dropping in the thickest of the throng, drivers cutting traces and scampering out of it, teams, ammunition, caissons and cannon abandoned and left literally piled up by the gorge.

" Vivid In

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

One of those fortunate young men who still retain the energy to attend balls was discovered at his club a few mornings ago in a very pretty rage. His just indignation was caused by the fact that, the afternoon was caused by the fact that, before, he had received a telegram from his before, he had received a telegram from his aunt, and father announcing the death of his aunt, and on the following morning he read, and what is worse, his father and other relatives read in a morning paper his name among the guests at a grand ball the night before. This was per-haps somewhat precipitous, but not half as bad as for a divorced couple to read that they had been together at a reception, and subsequently receive the congratulations of our out-of-town friends on the restoration of their natural relations. The climax, however, was reached not so very long ago. A lady well known in society, had cards for a large reception printed; they were even ad-dressed ready for distribution, when she had there could be no reception in the house of mourning, but an imaginary reception was fully described in "the paper" the following orning, with a list of people who we

[Paris News.]

The Vedomosti, an excellent paper, in-forms us that New Yorkers are day and night trembling for their lives and property Somewhere in First street there is a revolutionary-cosmopolitan beer saloon in which red hot communistic speeches are delivered as frequently as glasses of beer are emptied; and that but for the well drilled and armed and that but for the well drilled and armed militia, which keeps an eye on that terrible place, the residents of New York would migrate in a body. It is to be hoped that the militia will preserve the peace, because the New Yorkers would have no place to fly to if it be true, as The Vedomosti says, "that greefills war is continually coing on all "that guerilla war is continually going on all over the United States; now laborers are crushing their foes, and now capitalists, aided by soldiers, are drowning rioters in

Eucalyptus for Whooping-Cough.

The editor of The New England Medical
Monthly, having seen fluid extract of
Eucalyptus Globulus recommended in pertussis, gave it a trial in his practice. He administered it in some twenty-five or thirty cases, and the results were of a very gratify ing nature. Its effect was to greatly modify the severity of the paroxysms in every case, and in so abating the symptoms occasionally that what gave promise of being a very severe attack in its incipiency turned out to be little more than what is known as a symmetric cough.

In the Sahara desert rain falls in torrent at intervals of five, ten, and twenty years. MISTAKES OF MERCHANTS.

Sliding into Dishonesty. [William H. Maher in Inter Ocean.]

Intelligent merchants read almost daily in their morning papers, but how many o them take home to themselves the question Am I also losing goods or money in this way? There has grown up much looseness in the management of clerks. If one loses a place for cause he need not be out of work ver long. Inquiries as to character are not mad as they were before the war, and the mer chant who attempts to learn the whereabouts of his clerks after business hours is conof his clerks after business boars is con-sidered worse than an old fogy; he is looked upon as an idiot. Everything is done on a broad gauge. The man who looks after details is "mean" and to be small is worse

than to commit a crime. A retail merchant in a country town asked guard against stealing. Said be: "He is a good boy, but he is spending more money than I am paying him. Of course, if I say so to him he will deny it, and I have no actual proofs. I don't want him to leave me, and he is just at the age where his habits are formed. If he is kept straight for a few years he will be straight forever."

My advice was to keep up an appearance of investigating everything that went on. Don't dump your cash in a drawer and not know at night what is there till you count it.

foot them up every night and see if it is an right, and inquire about sales and about everything you see taking place. If you have been out of the store pick up the book

have been out of the store pick up the book and ask about sales made while you were away and follow the details of your business. The French have a saying, "Opportunity makes the thief," but a better one for mer-chants to remember is that "Neglect makes the thief." A merchant's first duty is to himself; to see that no failure shall come through neglect upon his part. But he has also a day to these in his ampley. They also a duty to those in his employ. They come to him honest boys or men; he has no right to make it easy for them to slide into dishonesty. The difference between "mine' and "thine" ought to be so plain that there would be no danger of mixing them up, and his clerks of to-day will in comit bless him for his strictness and for his care ful oversight.

> Acrating the Waters [Demorest's Magazine.]

The purification of the waters supplied to large cities is a very important matter. The growth of manufactures and the waste of populated districts in time contaminates the streams that furnish the water supply. Millions of people die or sicken yearly because of impure water or tainted air. More than half the physical ills which afflict mankind

come from these two sources.

Philadelphia is just now trying an experiment which, if successful, will greatly benefit the dwellers in large cities. It is aerating the water in the Fairmount reservoirs.

The Schuylkill and Delaware, from which the water supply has been secured, have be come foul from the growth of population along their banks, and, as drawing water from a distance would take time and be costly at that, an effort is making to purify the waters in the reservoirs. This is being done by forcing air through the water. The oxygen, according to the theory of this pro-cess, would act directly upon the organic impurities, thus converting them into harm-less oxydized products. It is the motion and exposure to the air that purifies running

The Thames at London is simply poison-ous, yet its waters are usable ten miles below the city, as the oxygen of the air working upon it gradually restored its wholesomeness. This fact has always been well known, yet engineers persist in enclosing aqueducts and shutting off the air until the water reaches the reservoirs. New York city is to build a new aqueduct thirty miles long. The water, of course, is quite good at Croton lake, but it would be much better if it was a protected it would be much better if it was a protected stream open to the air. But millions of dol-lars will be spent to shut out the oxygen until the reservoir is reached, where it will have less effect because there the water is rily without motion. The purity necessarily without motion. The party of air and water is a vital matter, and all who are interested in the health of their families tantly keep it in mind. Half the misery of life comes from the myriads of sick people who would be wholesome and happy if the air they breathed and the water they drank were reasonably pure.

· Eyes Ill-Matched.

fSt. Paul Pioneer Press. In a neighboring newspaper office there are a pair of newspaper workers, each of whom has had the mistortune to lose an eye. One of the gentlemen has had his missing mem-ber replaced by an artificial blue eye, and ber replaced by an artificial blue eye, and the other with a grey one. The other night, in the midst of the rush which accompanies annual reviews, the artificial eyes were re-moved to give the muscles a rest, and the glass orbs laid on a desk. The first man to lying around, which happened to be the other fellow's, and the other fellow took the one that was left. The mistake might not have been noticed to this day if some one had not discovered that there were several reporters in Minneopolis with eyes ill-matched as to color.

His Busiest Season. [Philadelphia Call.]
First Dude—Aw, Chawley, my dear boy, what a wattlin' pace you are goin' this what a wattlin' Second Dude-Aw, yas, Fitznoodle, my dear fellow. Don't detwain me. I'm hard at work. This is the busiest season of the year to me—

"By jove, Chawley, what are you doin" Improvisin' a German!"
"No; I'm dodgin' my creditors."

Uncle Esek: My friend, if you want to make people think as you do, let them have their own way; nothing else will tire them

H. A. Jones: When a dramatist has shown as the inside of any one human heart he has

A TALK ON SLATE.

Magnitude of the Industry in This Cour try-At the Quarries.

[North Chatauqua News.]

"Few people have any idea of the magnitude of the slate industry in this country.

Until a few years since, the product of the

different slate quarries in the United States was quite limited. Now the total amount produced, of roofing-slate alone, is about 500,000 squares per year. A 'square' is 100 square feet, or sufficient to cover a space ten feet by ten feet, when laid on the roof. It covers the same area as 1,000 shingles, "As a rooting material slate is become

more generally used, as it lasts a lifetime, is fire-proof, needs no painting, and renders rain-water pure and untainted. Besides the large amount of roefing-slate produced, a a great deal is used for other building purposes, such as window-sills, steps, floors and mantels. Billiard table beds are now made exclusively of slate, and it is also used largely for flagging."
"Where is most of the slate quarried?" was

asked.
"Well, most of the quarries are in eastern
Pennsylvania—in Northampton and Lehigh
counties. More than one-half of the total
product of the Unite! States comes from that region. Maine and Vermont produce small quantities. There are also small beds of slate in Michigan and Virginia. The quarries at Bang or, Pa., are considered su-perior to any, as the slate is tough, durable and of an unfading dark blue-black color The quarries there are valued at from \$50. The quarries there are valued at from \$50,-000 to \$500,000 each.

"The slate is first blasted out, then hoisted by the steam power in large irregular shaped blocks to the bank. These blocks are then broken or 'scalloped' into smaller blocks; then split into sheets of required thickness. For that purpose, a chisel or knife, about eighteen inches long, resembling a large putty knife, is used. The slate splits readily whenever the knife is put in, if inserted when the block is wet, or 'green' as it is called. The workmen speak of the orig-inal moisture in the slate as 'sap.' After the

"After the blocks are split, the sheets are dressed or trimmed with a machine worked by foot-power, to the required size, which is from 6x12 inches to 14x24 inches. They are then shipped to all parts of the union and to the Old World. A great deal of slate goes to Australia."

An Intelligent Shark.

[Turf, Field and Farm.]
"Shark! Intelligent! You bet. There's "Shark! Intelligent! You bet. There's Toboga Bill; he's named after that island in Panama bay. Don't know why. He knows more than any furriner I ever saw," and then he proceeds to tell about Bill. It seems that Bill had been caught by an English ship at one time, and B—I—L—L had been cut in his back in deep gashes, and when they healed had left white scars on his drab back. time for there was still three feet of the shank sticking from him perpendicularly, back of his dorsal.

Bill never forgot the indignity that he had suffered at the hands of Johnny Bull, and he had it in for him. But he took a great liking to Americans, beause they were more extravagant, and threw more that was palatable overboard. So that accounts for the partiality which he showed Americans. When a man fell overboard, as they will do When a man fell overboard, as they will do consistently, Bill would swim up to him and conspect his collar. If he had the American collar he was all right, and Bill would not only hold himself back, but, as he was cock of the walk, would keep back all the rest of sharkdom. If he had no tape or stars on his collar Bill would not touch him, but would not interfere with the other fish. But if he had no tape or stars on his collar bell would not touch him, but would not had on the English collar he was Bill's mut-ton, "Discriminate! He knew more about a Johnny Bull uniform than any man on the

Expenses of Business.
[Scientific American.]
A well informed merchant of Boston recently said to representative of The Boston

Harsid that he had been looking back over his accounts, and was surprised to find that since the close of the war there had been a steady increase in the ordinary expenses of carrying on business. Mere office work cost a great deal nore now than it did in 1985; more clerks were needed, and on the whole, each of these received higher pay. Assist ance was required in the receiving and de-livering departments to an extent and of a character that would not have been dreamed of two decades are.

of two decades ago. Then there were a variety of incidental Then there were a variety of incidental expenses that now entered into the compilation. There were telephone charges, printing, the expense of solicitors, the whole making up an amount sufficiently large to eat up all that would have been considered fair profits a quarter of a century ago. It is probable that the experience in different trades varies, and yet we fancy that in most lines of business statements somewhat similar to the above might be made. The tendency, all the time going on, to lessen tendency, all the time going on to lessen the hours of service, both in offices and workshops, would of itself make the cost of business proportionately higher. The cheap ening process, if there is one, would seem to be in enlarging the amount of business each concern carries on.

A Palling Memory

[Arkansaw Traveler.] "Why, Caroline, aren't you ashamed of yourself" exclaimed a mother entering the parior, and addressing her daughter. "Your yourself' exclaimed a mother entering the parior, and addressing her daughter. "Your poor father has only been dead three weeks, and here you are playing on the piano." "He's been dead longer than that, maw. He died on the 3d, so you see he's been dead four weeks." "That's a fact," said the mother. "Go ahead. I declare my memory is failing

The Talmud: That man's bread is moist ened with tears who depends on his wife and children for his support.

-Enjoying the Noon Recess-"Faithful, but not Punctual"-Teaching the Young Indians.

A Walk Through the Primary Depart:

Thou art great and thou art good;
Lord, we thank Thee for this food.
By Thy hand must all be fed;
Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen.
This was the sweet chant that saluted my ears when I was ushered into the dining hall of Hampton institute for the first time the other day. It was an equally pleasant sight that greeted my eyes. Six hundred students, that greeted my eyes. Six hundred students, four-fifths negroes and one-fifth Indians were standing around the tables with bowsheads, rendering the hymn as only dusky wards at the south know how to render

hymn music.

"What a happy substitute for the usu form of grace." I remarked involuntarily.
"Yes," said Gen. Armstrong, the principal,
"a single voice could not be well heard
throughout the hall. We have several other

formulæ which are equally pretty, I think.
On Sundays it is the doxology usually."
In company with Miss Hyde I walked over the long, low, wooden building the other day. The 360 pickaninies who are taught day. The 300 pickaninies who are taught the rudiments here by graduates of the institute are not included in the Hampton catalogue. They are children from the country for miles around, who come trudging along on foot all the way each morning, and then trudge back to their miserable homes every afternoon at 1:30, when school lets out.

"Don't they bring their dimers while them?" I inquirred.

"Oh, no indeed," answered Miss Hyde. "It is as much as most of them can hope for if they bring their breakfasts along in their lit-tle stomachs. One girl fainted dead away from sheer hunger the other day. It was after noon, and she hadn't had any breakfast at all. As a rule the children are se fast at all. As a rule the children are so hardy, however, that they are not much inconvenienced by such a state of things. We try to arrange it so that the tasks requiring the most application come first in the day. But the children are always smiling as much as though they had just got up from a turkey dinner. See them now."

I looked, and was greatly amused at the antics of the multitude of black youngsters that were tumbling out of the various doors in order to enjoy the noon recess.

There was every African type in miniature that you ever saw or dreamed of. There was a young girl with big poke sun-bonnet

was a young girl with big poke sun-bonnet of straw on, although it was a crisp January morning. Here were two boys, evidently brothers, with but a single hat between

them. One were the brim and the other wore the crown.

"Are they faithful in attendance?"

"Faithful, but not punctual. But how could they be punctual without watches or clocks at home! They come in squads. The one who lives in the most remote part of Slabtown starts first, the next one waits for him the third for the first two and a continue the limit the same and the continue the limit the same and the him, the third for the first two and so on.
Thus if one is late all are late from that
town, and great responsibility attaches to
that 'first' boy or girl. Others go by the
railway train. A little girl was late the other day, and when I asked the reason for this she made reply: 'I reely dunno; I come when de steamboat whistle done blow.' Then I discovered that she had been timing herself by a certain steamboat, the time table of which had been changed that morning The homes from which many of these children come are appallingly squalid." We entered the main room. Presently the time allotted for recess was over, and the

time allotted for recess was over, and the 360 jolly pickaninies came marching in to the music of an organ. They performed a series of evolutions first that are characteris-tic of Hampton. Even the 400 boys march to dinner in Virginia hall from the various dormitories to the strains of a small orches-tra. When these evolutions were over the pickaninies were found drawn up in solid relatives quits filling the room.

pickaninies were found drawn up in solid phalanxes, quite filling the room.

In the mean time, a superb bass singer had taken his position on the platform beside us, and now he started a series of familiar plantation melodies. The 360 irrepressible pickaninies caught up each piece with a sest, and the stories of Daniel in a lion's den, Jonah in the whale's belly, and all the other biblical incidents were given with a wholesome abandon that did me good. After half an hour of singing the classes went to their rooms, and I strayed into the "Kitchen Garden." The children had finished all their tasks, such as setting miniature tables, making bels, washing clothes and hanging them out on a line, sweeping their apartment; and the teacher was developing their originality by having them veloping their originality by having the tell stories to each other.

Music is too ornamental a branch for Hampton as yet, although the music which characterizes the exercises is always first-class and thoroughly stirring. Mr. Hamil-ton, in charge of the tailoring department,

ton, in charge of the tailoring department, is the only one of the original jubiles student choir left. There are plenty of exceedingly choice voices among the students. The boys have a full brass band.

The Indian girls have organized prayermeetings by thamselves and this week the Indian boys are also holding nightly meetings! Think of that.

One can not help being peculiarly interested in these young Indians. There are a dozen dialects represented here, the majority are Stoux, so that a Sloux interpreter is usually employed in the meetings. Of course there are not a few who come here ignorant of English, to find that no one here knows a word of their language. Then the ignorant of English, to find that no one here knows a word of their language. Then the teachers have to begin teaching the nouns by the use of objects, the verb by gestures, etc. The Indians have a debating society, also. Two comfortable cottages of three rooms each were erected for two Omaha families at a cost of only \$200 apiecs, to show the red man and the black man how also a house may be had for that sum of nice a home may be had for that sum of money. The Indians dislike to learn that the Himalayas are higher than the Rockies,

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

It is a significant fact that many physicians who formerly recommended a change of climate for their consumptive patients

The best results in the treatment of con amption and kindred pulmonary disorders have been obtained by keeping the patients at home, housing them in well ventilated rooms and nourishing their wasting bodies rooms and nourishing their wasting with such food, and only such, as the

CERES AND POMONA.

CALIFORNIA'S GRAIN AND FRUIT AT THE EXPOSITION

A Canada Correspondent's Rapturous De scription of the Products of the Occident-Attractive Mineral Display from Nevada.

["Garth's" New Orleans Letter.] Ceres went wild with rapture when she

met her Californian lover. In his arm was the tawny strength of hills, in his eyes the tender light of the westering sun. At his feet the streams came chanting from the Rockies, in his voice rang the echoes of great Look at the corn towering twice yo

height above you and the sorghum and the straight young shoots of the black Turkish fig sprung fourteen feet in one year withou irrigation. Also great clusters of Egyptian corn fed to cattle and looking like nothing so much as dried everlastings; and long slender shoots of ramie, out of which paper "Any other wood you make paper off"

"Oh, yes. This quaking aspen, bark and core, and of the fir—chiefly wrapping and newspaper. It's a big industry and there's He picked up a bunch of dried herbs.
"This," said he, "is alfalfs, or what you would call lucerne. Where we irrigate we

get five crops of it a year. On my own place at Santa Clara we have made cheese every day of the year for five years, feeding this to the cows. In Santa Clara," contin ued the en husiastic dweller there, "we have 1,400 acres devoted to garden seed alone for foreign markets, and in our remarkable climate they never discolor or shrink."

mate they never discolor or shrink."

Here is an immense representative of the foundation of the beet sugar industry, weighing eighty-four pounds. A great big purple bulbous beet. The process takes but thirty-six hours, and the knobby vegetable yields from 10 to 14 per cent. of sugar. I thought I shouldn't escape without encoun-tering the inevitable pumpkin. Here he is, yellow and abnormal as usual, a ticket bear-ing witness to the fact that he comes of a seed planted in May and weighs just 181 pounds. The potatoes are marvelous. For pounts. The potatoes are marvelous. For winter diet the vegetarian of California un-earths a potato and pickles a portion of a squash. Here is a monstrosity of the latter order, weighing 222 pounds, Pyramids of vines from every county in California, bot-tles of clives and of clive oil, made only there in America, tempting boxes of crys-tallized fruit pomestrants and 6 americans. tallized fruit, pomegranates and figs em balmed under glass, a new and prominen industry; jars upon jars of honey, amber

Greatly to the malediction of your sundry other people's correspondents the exhibits are arranged to the credit of the counties. there is no concentration, no system, no focus. Drooping over the side of one county's display I found a small, graceful branch that seemed to be covered with a seemed to display I found a small, graceful branch that seemed to be covered with dried hickory nuts. It was the famous vegetable ivory; the nuts were like bullets and the little branch weighed as much as a 5-year-old child. Nuts, nuts, nuts! Do you know that most of very after-dinner exercise, with the most of your after-dinner exercise with the nut-cracker is supplied to you by California! Here, from one county, are ranged 100 va-rieties of almonds in boxes and branches teeming in fruition. They don't "pick" nuts

in California, they shovel them up.

The fruits are on exhibition in horticultural hall, but abundant specimens in alcohol are there. Japanese plums as big as
apples, grape clusters that Bacchus would
stagger under, pears three and form stagger under, pears three and four pounds in reight, peaches, tomato cherries, nectarines—alas! they were all il jars, and the jars were sealed, as is, therefore, your corpars were sealed, as is, therefore, your cor-respondent's elequence. Of one delicious fruit I may speak experimentally. It wasn't in a jar, and wouldn't "keep" under any circumstances, even if it hadn't been there Hear my justification. It was a persimmon, Hear my justification. It was a persimmon, looked like a ripe tomato and tasted like ambrosia. Here is a fanciful erection indeed. A richly-veined pavilion of marble, exquisitely designed in many colors and decorated with clustering grapes and vines and quaint devices. A Spanish-Indian boy in variegated garb presides over this charming inteffor, wielding a huge feather fan. It is beautiful, it is elegant, it is chaste, and it is—soap! The man who made it made half a million at the same time. Everyhalf a million at the same time. Everything is soap—grapes, pillars, and all—except the boy, whose acquaintance with the purifying article is presumably limited.

"California has forgotten that she ever had a mine," said Joaquin Miller the other day, speaking of her manifold resources. Truly, this does not look like it. Gold creeping and turning about the quartzs in delicate designs of leaves and vines, nature's exquisite handicraft—silver bullion—but for our dear old mother's mineral treasures let us go to Nevada. Just a glance at Califorus go to Nevada. Just a glance at Califor-fornia's downy blankets and lustrous ailks made by Chinese labor, and we cross the made by Chinese labor, and we cross the state line and stand in the realm of the Com-stock. The richest gold and silver bearing quartz is the most unpretentious. That how 'ly, ragged lump in one corner of the case a worth all of its shining neighbors. Gold in nuggets, in quartz, in grains, in boxes, in bottles, in bags. No silver grains, Silver corrodes, perishes, has not the endur-ing qualities of the true metal, and is never found ground down by heaving rocks and

found ground down by heaving rocks and raging waves in shining specks amid the mand.

Malachite green and beautiful porphyry conglomerate, sapphire, cinnabar-quick-silver-green, and the blue carbonate of copper—malachite and azurite—on silver that produces \$5,000 to the ton; silver, turquoise, and garnets firmly imbedded in slate—these are some of Nevada's mineral wonders. Goodoric changes are marglorally exaid. are some of Nevada's mineral wonders. Geologic changes are marvelously rapid here. We are shown sandstone formed in twelve years with a wooden wedge and a nail in it. Wood petrified in fifteen years studded with nails. Here is a wonder with something pathetic in it—a petrified bird's nest and eggs. Oh, sad bird, you chirped your last note and turned up your claws to nest and eggs. Oh, sad bird, you charged your last note and turned up your claws to the sky a long time ago, but your tiny, ten-derly fashioned home and unhatched fledgeling have joined the great testimony of the ages. Surely the most piteous little tribute ever laid in the relentless grasp of

that stern maiden, science.
Plaster casts of the famous men and elephants tracks, found twelve to twenty feet below the surface in sandstone excavations, are here. The animals' feet that walked up-right, whatever it was, were twenty-two inches long and eight and one-half inches wide; the elephants' tracks are twenty-four inches in diameter.

A SYRIAN'S SKILL

tastic Filigree Work.

In a little attic room in west Phi ives a diminutive native of Syria, Jacob Hallaj by name, who endeavors to obtain his very scanty living by manufacturing all sorts of beautiful jewelry, both of ancient and modern Syrian design. He is a native of Beirut, Syria. His only languages are Arabic, Turkish, and a little French, and his private history is most remarkable.

In one corner of the little room stands his work-bench; in another his boxes filled with curious treasu. 's brought from the far east, over which he preads his bed at night; in another his little forge and his apparatus for drawing out the silver and gold wire, all made by himself, and of neat and accurate made by himself, and of neat and accurate workmanship. As a reporter entered the little Arab was found sitting at his bench engaged upon some silver filigree scarf-pins of the most dainty description. The only marks of the Orient in his dress were the little skull-cap and the Turkish slippers.

His English vocabulary was found to be very limited, but with what he knew and the smattering of French processed by the

the smattering of French possessed by the reporter, the various appurtenances of the apartment were explained and understood. apartment were explained and understood. The silver he obtains pure, and, melting it up in his funny Syrian furnace, made by amsest, with the right amount of copper as obtains an alloy of the proper proportion. Thus, for a scarf-pin, the pin proper is made of a low grade of alloy, in order to give the requisite stiffness, while the ornamental part is made of silver 1,000 fine.

This silver he draws through a steel plate

part is made of silver 1,000 fine.

This silver he draws through a steel plats in which are cut holes of constantly decreasing diameter. By drawing the silves through these holes in succession a wire is obtained finally as small as a thread. Of this he makes the filigree by bending and twisting and filling and soldering the wire into all manner of fantastic and delicate thanse such as the Turkish cost of arms the

precious stones are set in a most chaste man-precious stones are set in a most chaste manner, and burnishing and polishing of the semi-precious stones attended to.

> Formation of Salt-Water Ice [Popular Science Monthly.]

Marine ice was formerly regarded as formed of solidified pure water retaining by mechanical adhesion traces of the saling liquid. These traces could be expelled by energetic pressure, when acids and base would be found in the residue of desiccation in invariable proportions as in the sea. The question of chemical composition of the ice of the Arctic ocean is complicated in other ways, but it gains in interest what it loses in simplicity. When salt-water cooled artificially, a small part escapes solid ification. The uncongraled residue is insup-portably bitter to the taste, and analysi shows that nearly all the magnesia is conous and is not full of holes, and if pre-ly drained, may furnish a passable

frequently moistened with a kind of brine, which sometimes embodies crystals of special character, easy to distinguish from the ice character, easy to distinguish from the lot around them. According to Otto Petterssen, the relative proportions of chlorine and magnesia are much stronger in these exuda-tions than in the water at the expense of which the ice is formed. The liquid can not then have been mechanically absorbed. On the other hand, there is a deficiency of sulphates; and the conclusion that see water for retains the sulphates more abundantly is confirmed by analysis. With congelation, a confirmed by analysis. What congentuon, a sorting of matters take place; most of the sulphuric acid passes into the part that solidifies, while magnesia and chlorine prevail in the part that remains liquid.

Plants in Sleeping-Rooms [Chicago Times.]

The controversy as to keeping live plants in a room at night continues to be carried on in a room at night continues to be carried on with vigor and acr mony, although most people have probably supposed that it was long since set at rest. Not so very many years ago the danger of keeping such things in a bed-room was a good deal pooh-poohed in a bed-room was a good deal pooh-poohed by practical persons, who regarded the stories told in that connection as old women's tales, belonging to the same category as the myth about sleeping under the moon or taking a siesta under a yew tree. But then there were published terrible accounts of fair dames who, despising the warning in question, and depositing bouquets or flower-pots in their rooms at night, had met with a fate almost as tragic as that recorded in the doleful ballad of "The Mistletce Bough." Thereupon the scientific world, with the whole crew of unlearned folk at its heels, whose crew of uncerned loss as its neers, rushed to the opposite conclusion, and adopted a theory that illness and even death might result from sleeping in an apartment which was adorned with living plants or fresh cutlings. And now it turns out that in going so far as this we have gone a good deal too far. At a medical conference recently held in France, it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the savants there present that plants, as long as they are plants only, may safely, and even with ad-vantage, be admitted to the asylum from which they have so often been exiled.

which they have so often been exiled.

These pretty ornaments, as a learned writer now declares, "far from being hurtful, are beneficial, inasmuch as they exhale a certain amount of ozone and vapor, which maintain a bealthy dampness in the air, and besides that are destructive of the microbes which promote consumptive tendencies in human beings. It is only flowers, and not the plants which bear them that do the amage. Ferns are inocuous; roses and sun-lowers are pernicious—at least during the nteresting period while they are in bloom."

It Will Come Some Day. Diacon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

We pity the man who has had no boyhood—who never "busted" crackers, blew
up cats, fought roosters, shot off rockets,
fought with Roman candles, and played fought with Roman candles, and played with fire-halls. We are sorry, also, for the community he lives in. The time must come when that man will try to be a boy, and the town won't hold him.

Capt. Issiah Rynders. [New York Cor. Kansas City Journal.] My neighbor across the street is dead-Capt. Isaiah Rynders, the chief of New York Democrats forty years ago. He clambered into an omnibus where I was, two or three weeks ago—clambered in painfully and rheumatically. The old war-horse sank tremblingly to the seat at my side, very thin and wrinkled, and his eyes glowing at the bottom of deep sockets, and he responded to my inquiry about his health, "Fair, but I'm used up. No life left. I wish I was dead. There's no sense in my stringing along in this way, no good to my-self or anybody else. I have outlived every friend I ever had," he said sadly, "and I have grown old to be neglected by them I have served." I knew this referred to his late dismissal from his sinecure at the city hall.

"Eighty is old enough for any man to live!" he added presently, drawing his hand across his still black locks, a capillary inacross his still black locks, a capillary in-congruity above a pinched and weazened face. "I think there ought to be a law pro-viding for the killing of old folks who have ceased to be spry!" He smiled at this, in recognition of the joke, and climbed labori-ously out at the Fifth Avenue hotel, where, of late years he has spent much of his time in the lobbies.

A Bashful Squirrel.

[The Evangelist.]
In front of the telegraph office at Stock-bridge, Mass., there is a large elm tree, which is the home of three red squirrels. A which is the home of three red squirrels. A little girl who is employed in the office comes out a number of times a day and knocks on the trunk of the great tree, at the same time making a whirring noise as squirrels do. Instantly three squirrels came out of the tree, and, running down the trunk, they take the nuts she has in her hand for them, and go up to a place where the branches divide. Then they sit upon the landing while they crack and eat them.

"Two of them are very tame," she told us, "but one is rather wild yet."

"but one is rather wild yet." "but one is rather wild yet."

After the tame ones had been fed, she pointed up to one of the topmost boughs, where the "wild one" sat, looking down very wistfully. The little girl kept knocking with the nut and whirring like a squirrel. Soon the little creature timidly began to come down from its high tower, halting and debating every now and then as it came nearer and nearer to the uplifted nut. At last it made one quick bound, snatched the nut and was off to a place of safety again.

[Olive Logan's London Letter.] One word to persons who are conte

ing any business project in London. Do not dream that your powers of persuasion, your flights of tall talk, will have the slightest effect on John Bull. More than any other man on earth the Englishman, whatever his rank or station in life, leans on his solicities. The station of the station commonly heard on the lips of English peo-ple, men and women. The solicitor is in modern English life for mundane affairs what the priest is for spiritual matters to the people of Spain and Italy. Therefore, if the scheme which the Ameri-

can has to propose, and for which he wants to raise capital, be not one that will bear the keenest investigation, the most searching examination by the "solicitors" of everybody concerned, the promoter had better stay where he is in America, and not add his wretchedness to that of thou ands of other fail hungry, wholly pitiful exiles who keep tramping the Strand, and asking for letters containing remittances which never come, containing remittances which never come, for the simple reason that they are never

[Chicago Times.]

Quite recently a hydrated calcium sulphate quite recently a hydrated calcium sulphate in a state of time powder has been offered to millers in Europe for mixing with flour in proportions of 1 to 1.5 per cent, and there is reason to believe that not a few unprincipled persons have actually placed on the market flour adulterated with calcium sulphate.

WILLIAM'S WORMS.

BILL NYE WRITES OF THE CHARMS OF AGRICULTURE

is Vivid and Varied Experie vating Cut-Worms-Cabbage the Favorite Beverage-Unexpected and Sad Fate-A Pause.

[Bill Nye in Northwestern Miller.] During the past season I have been con-siderably interested in agriculture. I have met with some success, but not enough to madden me with joy. It takes a good deal of success to unserve my reason and make it totter on its throne. I've had trouble with my liver, and various other abnormal conditions of the vital organs, but old reason site there on his on her throne, as the case may be, though it all.

Agriculture, has a charm about it which I

Agriculture has a charm about it which I can not adequately describe. Every product of the farm is furnished by nature with something that loves it, so that it will never be neglected. The grain crop is loved by the weevil, the bessian fly, and the chinch bug; the watermelon, the squash, and the cucumber are loved by the squash bug; the potato is loved by the potato bug; the sweet corn is loved by the ant, thou slug-gard; the tomato is loved by the cut-worm; gard; the tomato is loved by the cut-worm; the plumb is loved by the curculio, and so forth, and so forth, so that no plant that grows need be a wall-flower. [Early bloom-ing and extremely dwarf joke for the table. Plant as soon as there is no danger of frosts, in drills four inches apart. When ripe, pull it, and eat raw with vinegar. The red ants-may be added to tests.]

may be added to tasta.]
Well, I began early to spade up my angleworms and other pets, to see if they had
withstood the severe winter. I found they withstood the severe winter. I found they had. They were unusually bright and cheerful. The potato-bugs were a little aluggish at first, but as the spring opened and the ground warmed up they pitched right in, and did first-rate. Every one of my bugs in May looked splendidly. I was most worried about my cut-worms. Away along in April I had not seen a cut-worm, and I began to fear they had suffered, and perhaps perished, in the extreme cold of the previous winter.

One morning late in the month, however I saw a cut-worm come out from behind a cabbage stump and take off his car muff. not lost hope. I saw at once now was the time to assist him if I had a spark of human-ity left. I searched every work I could find on agriculture to find ont what it was that farmers fed their blamed cut-worms, but all scientists seemed to be silent. I read the scientists seemed to be silent. I read the agricultural reports, the dictionary, and the encyclopsedia, but they didn't throw any light on the subject. I got wild. I feared that I had brought but one cut-worm through the winter, and I was liable to lose him unless I could find out what to feed him. I asked some of my neighbors, but they spoke jeeringly and sarcastically. I know now why it was. All their cut-worms had frozen down last winter, and they couldn't bear to see me get absaid. All at once, an idea struck ma. I haven't recovered from the concussion yet. It was this: the worm had wintered under a cabbage stalk; no doubt he was fond of the beverage. I acted upon this thought and

erage. I acted upon this thought and brought him two dozen red cabbage plants, at 50 cente a dosen. I had hit it the at 50 cents a dozen. I had hit it the first pop. He was passionately fond of these plants, and would eat three in one night. He also had several matiness and sour krous lawn festivals for his friends, and in a week. I bought three dozen more cabbage plants. By this time I had collected a large group of common serub cut-worms, early Swedish cut-worms, dwarf Hubbard cut-worms, and

of common scrub cut-worms, early Swedish cut-worms, dwarf Hubbard cut-worms, and short-horn cut worms, all doing well, but still, I thought, a little hide-bound and bilious. They acted languid and listless. As my squash bugs, current worms, potato burs, etc., were all doing well without care, I devoted myself almost exclusively to my cut-worms. They were all strong and well, but they seemed melancholy with nothing to eat, day after day, but cabbages.

I therefore bought five dozen tomato plants that were tender and large. These I fed to the cut-worms at the rate of eight to ten in one night. In a week the cut-worms had thrown off that air of ennui and languor that I had formerly noticed, and were gay and light-hearted. I got them some more tomato plants, and then some more cabbag, for change. On the whole I was as proud as any young farmer could be who has made a success of anything.

any young farmer could be who has made a success of anything.

One morning I noticed that a cabbage plant was left standing unchanged. The next day it was still there. I was thunder-struck. I dug into the ground. My cutworms were gone. I spaded up the whole patch, but there wasn't one. Just as I had become attached to them, and they had learned to look forward each day to my coming, when they would almost come up and eat a tomato-plant out of my hand, some one had robbed me of them. I was almost wild with despair and grief. Suddonly something tumbled over my foot. It was mostly stomach, but it had feet on each corner. A neighbor said it was a warty toad. He had eaten up my summer's "ark! He had swallowed up my cunning little cut worms. I tell you, gentle reader, unless some way is provided, whereby this warty scourge can be wiped out, I for one shall relinquish the joys of agricultural pursuits. When a common toad, with a sallow complexion, and no intellect, can swallow up my summer's work, it is time to pause.

mor's work, it is time to pause.

[Boston Courier.]

"My darling, I would die for you,"
said, as he bent fondly over her chair,

"You would?" she saked.

"I would. There is nothing I would:

"The rates of insurance are pretty low," she said, musingly; "suppose you get your life insured in my favor for \$10,000 dollars, and then die for met. That will be a strong proof of affection."

"I would do it but for one thing," he said.
"What is that?" "Some other fellow would luxuriate on the And when he said that he showed that he

Civilization Destroyed by Stin

[Scientific Journal.] Recentific Journal.]
One of the strongest arguments against the admission of the Chinese to equal status with Americans is the wide prevalence among them of the opium habit in some form. Of this there can be no question, the validity of the argument is not here considered. If one turns to India or Turkey he will find that opium or one of its correlative is the national stimulant. It will have be is the national stimulant. It will have been observed, moreover, that the civilizations to which the consumers of these powerful nervines belong have passed their zenith; that up to a certain period in their history they were warlike, dominant, aggressive; that they are now to all intents and purposes effets.

Plantation Philosophy: De narrer-minded man totes a short string by which he measures de good qualities o' de men whut he meets, but his own good p'ints he measures wid er clote line.

RECORDING HIS KISSES.

ciety Man-Bewildering Figures. [St. Paul Pioneer Press Interview.]

"By Jove, you're the very man I want to see," said a prominent and popular young man about town, as a reporter dropped in at his cosy apartments. "Do you remember a year ago, when we were coming back from that little racket at Minnespolis, you said for the simple reason that they are never sont.

Brains and Beauty.
[Scientific Exchange.]

An observing philosopher contradicts the prevailing theory that mental activity interferes with physical beauty. He says: "A handsome man, or woman either, who does nothing, but lives well or self-indulgently, grows flabby, and all the fine lines of the features are lost, but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor always at work keeping a record of the number of times your lips pressed a sweeter are soundly boxed in the bargain! Well, that struck me as a unique notion, and I decided to carry it out. Oh, I'm serious, as I'll soon prove to you. I got a diary the day before New Year's—hadn't kept one for, oh, five or six years, I believe—and began to make memoranda every night, of course. I was only speaking generally.

"To-night I had a little leisure—Carrie's goue away for a few days, you know—and so I footed up the results. How many occulations of you think I have been guilty of during the year! Three thousand! Don't

lations do you think I have been guilty of during the year! Three thousand! Don't be funny. Well, sir, exactly 1,187. Pve kept accurate count, and there can't be a mistake. I divide it something like this: Maternal and scrorial affection, 245; pure love (that's Carl, you know) 430; conven-tional affection—elderly aunts, babies, etc. —110; guilty osculation. 205. Now, whatdo you think of its! I have largered on Carria.

THE SURE CURI KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES AND BLOOD DISEASES PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY. "Kidney-Wort is the most successfully Dr. P. C. Ballou, Mr.

"Eidney-Wort is always reliable."
E. M. Clark, So. Hero, Vt.
ney-Wort has oured my wife after to
ing." Dr. C. M. Summerite, Sun P. IN THOUSANDS OF CASES
as cured where all size that failed. It is milefficient, CERTAIN IN 175 ACTION, b

EFIt eleances the Blood and Strengther gives New Life to all the important orgates body. The natural action of the Edma restored. The Liver is eleanced of all dis and the Bowels move freely and healthful in the way the worst diseases. MICH, SLOO LIQUID OR DUT, DOLD BY BE

Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLA, RICHARDSON & CO. Seriles

KIDNEY-W

To Physicians

We do not find fault, reproach or con-demn the practice of any regular physi-cian—this is not our mission—but we do claim that if he were to add PERUNA to claim that if he were to add PERUNA to his prescriptions, as directed in our book on the "Ills of Life," (and furnished grat-uitously by all druggists), he would cure all his patients.

Mr. Henry C. Revnolds, Ironton, Law-rence County, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been sorely distressed for many years,

Her disease or diseases and the symptoms of them have been so varied that an atof them have been so varied that an attempt to describe them would be more
than I feel able to undertake. I have
paid over a thousand (1,000) dollars for
doctors and medicines for her, without any
satisfactory results. We read so much
about your PREUNA that I was forced to
try it. She has now taken five bottles;
they have done her more good than all
the doctors and medicine that she has ever made use of. PREUNA is certainly a
God-send to humanity.

God-send to humanity."

Mrs. O. L. Gregory, Las Vegas, San
Migvel County, New Mexico, writes: "I
think PERUMA and MANALIN saved my

Mrs. Cora Engel, First House on Laselle street, near Rich, Columbus, Ohio, says. "It affords me much pleasure to state to you the benefit I have received from your PERUNA. I had been troubled with kidney complaint and dizziness in my head for eighteen years. I tried diff-erent kinds of patent medicines, and con-sulted a number of physicians, but received sulted a number of physicians, but received no benefit whatever. About three weeks ago I commenced taking PERUNA. I began to get better before I had taken half a bottle. The dizziness has disappeared, and the other affection has so much imand the other affection has so much improved that I am positive, after I will have taken another bottle. I will be entirely well. I feel like a different person already. A number of my friends have used it, and they think it is a wonderful remedy. My husband says it is one of the best medicines for a cough that he ever too

A. W. Blackburn, Wooster, O., writes: A. W. Blackburn, Wooster, O., writes:
"Several weeks ago a man came to me,
all broken down, terribly nervous, stomach without any power to digest food.
Had tried four doctors; none did him any
good. Asked me to do something for
him, I recommended Manalin. He
told me to-day that he has been taking it
regularly, and is now almost well. Said
he would sound the praises of Manalin
for and near." far and near.

who will soon be 'Mrs. Youre Truly,' a little more than half of my affection—that is, as evidenced by caressea. That's a pretty good average, now, isn't it, when you think of the number of times you kiss your mother and sister, and all these cousins and their babies, and your old fis mes when you happen to meet them of a summer evening or at a sleighing party, or something like that. "Here's the record by months. Just glance at it. It's an interesting table, im't its

riers's the record by months. Just glance at it. It's an interesting table, isn't it? You ought to have printed it in your year's resums. Now, let's figure a little; you'll find it a prolife subject.

"Say there are 5,000 young fellows in St. Paul who haven't got over the puppy-dog period. I may be a little more devoted than most of them, so we'll give them a theusand hissee each. That makes 5,000,000 kieses. Of these about one-fifth, or 1,000,000, are in the family. Not more than a third of these fellows are engaged, so that of the 4,000,000 only about 600,000 are what you might call legitimate—bestowed upon one's fiances, I mean. That leaves nearly 3,500,000 kieses, the parties to which ought to be ashamed to acknowledge. Now let us figure on the causes, results and amounts of temporary pleasure and after-repentance occasioned by these 3,500,000." But the reporter had heard enough.

had beard enough. · A Plucky Bantam Hon.

A Pincily Bantam Hen.
[Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.]
Mr. Soper, yard engineer on the Lake Erie & Western road, and residing in this city, has a bantam hen, "Sarah," which has ideas of her own. Sarah is a little gray chick of very diminutive pattern, shading to a partridge brown about the head, and a short time since determined to raise a family. Looking about for a suitable place to hatch her progeny, she espied through the window of the next neighbor's house, that of a lady, a handsome little tidy on a center table, on which stood a stuffed prairie chicken on a base covered with lichens. Flying over the lowered window, she picked the lichens off, carefully selected a wedding bouquet dried and pressed from a neighboring wall ornament, and placed it in the center, and was snugly ensconced beneath the wing of the stuffed fowl upon the center table when discovered.

She was removed and the wreck replaced.

She was removed and the wreck replaced, only to have it occur the second and third time, and it was not until after a week's persistent fight that she gave up her chosen nest and ceased to make of herself the brightest and prettiest ornament in the lady's parlor.

The Idea of Feminine New York.

The Idol of Feminine New York.

[Biakely Hall in The Argonaut.]

Over such stars as Lawrence Barrett, Ed win Booth, Billy Florence and John T. Ray mond girls never rave. They are considered old and uninteresting. To be the idol of feminine New York, it is necessary for a man in the first place to play parts which require a diversified and fashionable assortment of store clothes, a conventional mustache, and a figure that must not be robust or rugged, but simply and wholly "elegant."

We have never yet had a man who could step into Montague's shoes. It is sad, but I doubt if it has retarded the growth of the country to any appreciable extent.

[Chicago Times.]

A new horseshoe is now being made, which is in two parts, the upper designed to remain permanently upon the foot, where it will last for an indefinite time, as no wear comes last for an indefinite time, as no wear comes upon it; the other, that which contains the corks, and which is joined to the upper in an ingenious manner. The lower halves of the shoes are interchangeable—sharps corks for icy weather and dull ones for heavy draft horses, or they may be removed entirely at night to prevent injury to the animal while in the stall.

[Harper's Bazar.]
Divorce Lawyer—My dear, you may have that new \$500 dress and the \$300 closk after all.

His Wife—You dear, delicious old darling, I didn't know that sewing on a few buttons for you would produce such a delightful

for you would produce effect.

Divorce Lawyer—It wasn't the buttons.

This morning's paper contains reports of seventeen fashionable weddings. Commendable Conduct

[Boston Post.]
At a western funeral all the pall-be got into a fight, but the corpse remperfectly neutral. The latter's conduct highly commended by the local press.

A New York barber claims to have plished the unprecedented feat of a seventy-five men in one hour and